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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 11

Contributors to the work in Fez, Morocco, should not miss reading the August report on page 170.

If you are opposed to the senseless and inhumane custom of setting up horses' tails just send a postal card telling how many of the leaflets, "The Shame of It," dealing with this subject, you can wisely distribute and they will be sent free of charge.

As an act of humanity, if not to himself or herself, then at least to others, every voter in the United States should join the National Economy League, a non-partisan organization. Unless the reckless expenditures of money by federal, state, city and town authorities are stopped, the taxpayer will soon have nothing left for himself and his family.

Tourists in North Africa, English and American and of other nationalities, have noticed for themselves how very valuable it is for their peace of mind while sight-seeing to meet an Arab or European with "Fondouk American" on his cap or hat-band, leading a perfect wreck of a horse, mule or donkey to the peace and quiet of the American Hospital for Animals.

Canada, with an Indian population one-third larger than that of the United States, spends \$3,000,000 per year as against \$27,000,000 expended in one year by the United States. In Canada the Indian has full freedom of his person, can choose his own mode of life, and is secure in his property rights. In his health, in his material affairs and in all other ways he is much more advanced than is the Indian in the United States.

In the United States there are 36,000 Indian children without school facilities and out of the total 1931 appropriation of \$27,000,000 the sum of \$11,500,000 is for the education of only 31,000 Indian children, nearly one-half of whom are chiefly confined in costly, inefficient and segregated Indian Boarding Schools.

Aping the English

NO, no, not all Englishmen, only a few so-called sportsmen. The *Port Jefferson Times-Echo*, Port Jefferson, New York, September 9, tells of a fox hunt on Long Island when the Smithtown fox hounds ran and killed a six-months-old fox. The report continues:

The huntsman gave the brush to Mrs. Alex Lehman and pads to the other ladies, and blooded several of the younger riders.

Last Saturday's meet was at Emmet Finley's Signal Hill Farm in the Dix Hills, several cubs being started but run to earth. A buck deer was started and gave a beautiful exhibition of jumping before the hounds were called off.

We supposed this sort of cruel sport was prohibited by the anti-cruelty laws of most of our states. Had it occurred in Massachusetts we are sure the Society would have been compelled to take action against the participants. The New York Society has undoubtedly done what we should have done.

The International Dental Federation

In our last issue we called attention to the proposal of this Federation to carry on experiments on dogs, said to be in the interest of dentistry, which had shocked the humane world. We are glad to quote the following from Mr. James Douglas in the *London Sunday Express*:

After stating that the protests against this proposal have overwhelmed the Federation, he adds, "The prize competition is now drenched, if not extinguished, by world-wide publicity. The promoters of this international outrage must now face international wrath."

The hundred and fifty animals in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital August 31 seemed to pay no special attention to the darkening experienced by the eclipse, neither did the more than fifty that were brought into the Clinic during the afternoon.

To Our Boy and Girl Readers

AN active society devoted to humane education and the protection of animals is doing a fine work at Colmar, France. Here is a chance for some interesting foreign correspondence. The president of that Society, Mme. Kubler, has written us asking if we would invite the young lovers of animals in the United States to correspond with their group of young animal lovers. Won't some of our young readers send their names and addresses to Mme. Julien Kubler, President, Society for the Protection of Animals, 1, Rue Bruat, Colmar, France. They will then hear from her and so the correspondence will begin which will be published in a small magazine which they will receive. One may write in English, French or German.

The great value of this lies in getting the young people of this and other lands to know each other and so deepen the ties of friendship between the several countries. When friendship exists, strife and prejudice and war must cease.

Too True

Aware that something like 100,000,000 four-footed animals a year in this country are killed for food, to say nothing of the millions upon millions of poultry, the following from the pen of Arthur Brisbane is what we have been saying for many years:

When men are more civilized they will forbid, without anaesthetics, the intensely painful operations performed on millions of young animals, with nervous systems fully developed, young horses, lambs, pigs, calves. All the suffering of vivisection, fur trapping, bull-fighting are as nothing compared with the suffering inflicted upon young animals in the course of commercial stock raising.

Harvard University, it is reported, is to offer a new course covering the social behavior of the animal kingdom. The *Boston Herald* says the course will trace the development of animal sociology from fish and insect up to man.

To an Indian Leopard Cub

*Oh, little one, with silky spotted fur,
I will remember your strange dignity:
In your great cage, barred from all wanderings,
You stop to look with serious, questioning gaze
On those who come to watch you and admire
Your tawny coat of spotted, silky fur.*

*Child of the jungle, with what native grace
You travel back and forth with padded feet
That should be wandering some tangled trail*

*In the dim hush of some remote retreat!
No one looks long into your golden eyes
That shine like topaz pools of glowing light*

*Aloof, apart from all the passers-by,
You almost make me think that I can hear
Strange noises of the jungle echoing here—
The swish of tall, green grasses in the breeze;*

*The distant sound of a cool waterfall;
A weird, soft stirring in the forest trees
That weave a thick, dense tangle over all.
You, in your tawny, bright austerity,
Have never seen that distant wonderland,
Although the sign that hangs above your cage*

Says plainly, "Indian Leopard," yet you stay,

Pacing your barred, bare house from day to day,

*And here, in your enforced captivity,
You bear yourself with still simplicity,
Holding your sleek head high with royal grace*

*And gazing far beyond this noisy place
With cool, still wonder in your golden eyes
That look at once so innocent and wise.*

*I do not like to leave your tall, barred cage,
Oh, Indian Leopard, of such tender age!*

ELEANOR G. R. YOUNG
in *Christian Science Monitor*

The Sympathetic Curlews

A curious though fatal habit of the curlew is to permit its sympathy for other curlews in distress to lead it to destruction.

For example: If a hunter shoots and wounds a member of a flock of those birds and it cries out in its plaintive call, its companions will not fly away, but will circle round and round the spot in a seeming attempt to give it aid.

The hunter then proceeds to shoot and wound and kill other curlews, and the ruse leads others within range of the gunman.

Hunters who have had the experience say they do not care to repeat it, so pathetic is the cry of the curlew and its fatal loyalty to its kind.

—Pueblo (Col.) Indicator

The reporter came idly into the office. "Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesman have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

The Jack London Club is opposed to the exploitation of performing animals. It numbers over 555,000 members.

Cruelty and the Law

L. E. EUBANKS

A SCOUNDREL in England was arrested for beating a dog to death and sent to prison for six weeks (should have been six years) of hard labor; but he was not forbidden to own animals in the future. That is a lamentable weakness in the law.

We may suspect many persons of being too hot-tempered and cold-hearted to be entrusted with a pet. That is bad enough; but when the same person who has been tried and convicted of cruelty is permitted to return to his dominion over the same animal, or any other, then that is something to worry over—and protest.

There is a class of people with whom anger always craves fiendish expression. They can't always "get away with it" in dealing with other persons; but the poor dumb animals are defenseless. They do not know what it's all about, usually; and even when they do, love and loyalty overpower resistance or resentment, as in the case of the dog that was beaten to death.

We can't all be law-makers; but it is one of our rights of citizenship to volunteer testimony in a case where a righteous cause is threatened. You can and should report any case of cruelty. We have societies now, and you owe your local organization at least that much co-operation.

But while it is important that a cruel master be punished, it is even more important that it be made unlawful for him afterward to own animals of any kind. Let us all boost for such a law in every state.



STUFFED WITH SICKENING SWEETS
AT A TOURISTS' CAMP

What Price Cruelty?

M. LEONA NICHOLS

THIS summer, while on a long automobile tour, we saw so many wild animals confined in cages along the road that we were heartsick. Those poor dumb animals in captivity without proper food, water or shelter should make a boasting of kindness and humanity to animals a hollow mockery. They were a monument to a colossal ignorance of the simple laws of nature. It may have been but unthinking cruelty. Whatever it was, it should not exist.

The public may be properly interested in wild life and it is a laudable thing, but it should not be commercialized to serve as a drawing card for auto camps. These dens of the woods and streams are taken captive and held by the superior knowledge of man, but he should feel some responsibility toward the comfort of his charges.

Without proper food and water these wild animals suffer hunger and thirst. They require plenty of drinks in hot weather and if no running water is placed in the cages the small receptacles in which it is usually placed are tipped over and the water spilled.

If the public desire to study nature and wild life, let them visit the well-regulated zoos where care is given the animals and where guards are placed to prevent insult and injury.

Bears chained to posts and fed peanuts and all the other offerings of visitors soon become mangy and diseased. If in the wild, they would correct this disease by a change of diet. Itching and sore, they become cross and sometimes seriously injure those who are bold enough to venture too close. Then the dumb creature, who has been forced by his treatment to regard mankind as his enemies, becomes unsafe.

Last winter, during the season of snow sports on a certain western mountain, a tame bear was held at one of the hotels. It did not hibernate and was used to entertain guests. As we stood by, mildly interested, someone urged a dog to go too close. With a stroke of his paw the bear sent his tormentor sprawling into a snow bank and with a savage snarl rushed into the crowd. There was a scattering of the onlookers who, like small boys at play, thought it great sport to torment the bear because it could not reach them, that made it sport. The whole thing was a little removed from the custom of the savage to torture his victim for the satisfying of his native pleasures.

They who take advantage of those weaker than themselves are bullies in every sense of the word. This includes those who make captives of wild creatures in order to commercialize their power of drawing a curious, and sometimes none too thoughtfully kind, public to the various camps along the highways that thread in and out of the vast territories traveled by motorists. It is not necessary to become maudlin sentimentalists, sobbing over this and that wrong, but just plain citizens with a sympathy for those of the wild creatures who are unable, because of men's restraints, to protect themselves. Give the wild things a chance to live their lives in native haunts. That's where they are happy and in keeping with their surroundings.

I Ask

GERTRUDE E. FORTH

*I do not ask for life's most costly things,
Nor scramble for the jewels fortune brings,
Nor yearn for painted hours of fitful glee,
Nor yet for fame far-flung from sea to sea;
I only ask for mine a blue-gold day,
The dear enchantment of a woodland way,
My own a kingdom fair and azure-rimmed,
A day with autumn magic over-brimmed,
And just we two—my high-bred horse and I
Skimming the plain and clearing hedges
high,
Within our veins an exultation rare,
A wild exuberance beyond compare;
O, Destiny, one promise I would ask,
When all is done, each homely earthly task,
When I tread in lone years the sunset trail,
With weary, earth-worn feet, and eyes that
fail,
In heaven's vastness may I find a stall,
And know my comrade, dear, awaits my
call.*

Animals of the Basque Lands

KADRA MAYSI

It has always been a matter of regret to me that the Latin countries—which are my mother lands and which I love for their romance and beauty—have not the best reputation in regard to treatment of animals. I came into Spain this year resolved to watch carefully and dispassionately and to make note of my observations. I came by way of the Basque lands—those misty foothills wooded with pine and bright with wild pink heather. And, during my short stay, I looked and listened with all my might.

The horses at San Sebastian were a bad beginning. Like the carriage horses of France, their tails were docked and they looked thin and weary. But, after all, San Sebastian and Biarritz are less Spanish than international playgrounds. I turned with relief to the contented and slow-moving oxen in the fields.

These oxen are loved and well cared for by the Basques. Most of them are sheeted from the flies and, in several instances, I saw children standing by them and brushing flies from their legs and faces as they ate or rested. They are magnificent creatures, identified with the Pyrenees and, in this section, used more than mules.

I had the good fortune here to meet a Spanish Basque, and he told me and showed me things which I should, otherwise, have missed. The oxen, goats, sheep, the big sheep dogs, the rabbits and cats, the horses of the Euskarian provinces are not only kindly treated but are made members of the family here. At most farmhouses their habitations adjoin the dwelling house.

In my memory awoke an old description of the Basques from Morel-Bibliographie: "men who are patient, impassionate for independence, supple, bold, agile, sober, with tall straight statues, with clear eyes." Such a type—lacking cowardice and pettiness—cannot possibly be cruel to any weaker thing.

The only sound reason why a great State goes to war, being distinguished from a small State, is egoism and not romanticism.

PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK

Horses of History

ALETHA M. BONNER

If all the famous steeds of historic significance could be placed in a head-to-tail procession, such a line of prancing chargers would doubtless encircle the earth several times.

True, this may seem an extravagant statement to some but when one takes into consideration the fact that for over thirty-five hundred years the horse has been the companion and servant of man in all human

that horses were first used for drawing chariots, low two-wheeled vehicles; yet as nations began to carry on incursions of war, and excursions of peace to distant lands, horseback riding became the order of the times, and cavalry, in the sense of mounted men, was featured as a great fighting factor, inasmuch that horse-drawn chariots were soon in decline as equipages of war.

It might be mentioned, in this connection, that saddles were used by Oriental riders long before they were adopted elsewhere. The Greeks and Romans rode bare-backed until as late as the fourth century. It was difficult, of course, to mount, but the more agile riders learned by practice to leap upon their beasts without assistance of any kind; however, the heavily armored warrior had to depend on being helped up by a servant, called a "strator," and along all Roman roads there were mounting-blocks, placed at every mile's end, for the convenience of horsemen.

With the beginning of the equestrian period, and traveling down the centuries, came sturdy steeds bearing warriors, crusaders, and knights errant, and brave and daring deeds did they perform. So now, for the sake of becoming better acquainted with some of the most famous of these animals, let us watch the procession as it passes:

Behold, "Bucephalus," the celebrated war horse of Alexander the Great (356-323 B. C.). Coal-black with one white star on forehead, this magnificent beast lived for thirty years and at death his famous master built a city for his mausoleum, which Alexander called "Bucephala."

Next comes "Shibdz," the steed of King Chosroes II of Persia, who flourished about one thousand years after Alexander's time. "Orelia" now appears. He who carried his master, King Roderick, the Goth, through many dangerous conflicts with the Moors, the last of which was 711 A. D. And see "Babieca," the faithful four-footed friend of "The Cid"—a title given Ruy Diaz De Bivar (1040-1099), the national hero of Spain.

Nor can be overlooked "White Surrey," owned by the ill-fated Richard III., who, when his noble steed was slain in the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485, cried out, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

"Marengo," too, is another white war-horse of fame, who bore to countless victories (but at last, defeat), the great Napoleon I; while on the field of Waterloo there moved another fighting mount—"Copenhagen," who served his master, the Duke of Wellington, to crush the power of Bonaparte.

Still from the storied past the horses surge; among them an unnamed but honored group, of Revolutionary fame. The courier-steed of Paul Revere; the swift, sure-footed horse of General Israel Putnam; and the celebrated charger who bore the great Com-



"BELLE," A SADDLE HORSE OF TODAY

conquests and migrations, then such an estimate, covering thousands of animals, can be better understood and accepted.

In order to read the first reference ever made to these iron-muscled and intelligent beasts, let us turn back the pages of the past and glance over a Babylonian letter, written some 2000 years B. C. which speaks of "getting fodder for the horses"; or, drop down three centuries to 1700 B. C., and read, this time in Biblical history, of a dire famine in Egypt, where the people turned to a wise governor for first-aid, and, "Joseph gave them bread in exchange for horses."

Should we wish to view the earliest pictured equine we may examine a sculptured stone of the same 1700 B. C. dating, standing in Mycenae, Greece, which carries the figure of a chariot drawn by horses; while scenes depicting pursuing horses, chariots and Egyptians, which followed the Israelites fleeing from the land of bondage, can be found on many ancient monuments. Again, a fine poetic picture of the war-horse in all of his glory and strength appears in the 39th chapter of the Book of Job, verses 19 to 25.

From such pictures it will be inferred

mander-in-Chief, George Washington, through many campaigns of danger. While more contemporary animals of note are "Old Whitey," Zachary Taylor's well-known mount; and "Traveler," the handsome white horse of Robert E. Lee.

As to the horses of legend, of song and romance—they are legion, and in such an equine parade of fictioned steeds we see The Wooden Horse of Troy; Cambuscan's steed of brass; horses of fire, "The Pale Horse, Death"; "Pegasus, the winged one"; "Sleipnir," the eight-hoofed, better known as "Odin's Grey," who could traverse either land or sea—these and countless others, too numerous to name, appear upon the scene, to be followed by more modern favorites of fiction, as "Rosinante," the lean, lank nag of the doughty Don Quixote; and "Bevis," whose master, Marmion, fell in the battle of "Flodden Field."

Nor is the group complete without the children's favorite, "Black Beauty," a much-loved horse hero of storied fame; while jogging along, bearing on his back the gawky but glamorous-minded schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, comes the rusty-coated, one-eyed plowhorse—"Gunpowder," one of the best-known animal characters in American literature, appearing in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

The Startled Deer

LOUISE DARCY

*At the clearing's edge
I saw a deer,
His antlered head flung back
Striving to hear*

*The footfall of the huntsman
Passing by,
Presage of the dreaded time
When he must die.*

*Along your forest trails
Return and hide
Within some leaf-strewn hollow
Till danger turns aside!*



"PETE" AND "JEFF," TWIN CUBS, BEING FED BY TOURISTS IN CRATER LAKE RESERVE, SOUTHERN OREGON

A Paradise for Animals

L. M. WESTON

TO the lovers of animals, geysers and boiling springs are not the chief attractions of Yellowstone Park, but the four-footed and winged creatures, which are so well protected there that they have virtually lost their fear of man.

Over twelve thousand guns were sealed, last year, when their owners entered Yellowstone Park. Ninety rangers are watching constantly in summer that no brutal man shall cut short a wild life.

Wild ducks disported themselves on a lake with a sublime indifference to passing autos that must be seen to be appreciated. Near Gardiner, the north entrance, was a large alfalfa field, and deer walked around in it as unconcernedly as domestic cattle, while men were cutting and putting up the hay. An elk feeding by the roadside did not even raise his head to look at passing cars, much to the annoyance of a young man, with a camera, who wanted to take his picture.

At sunset, Old Faithful can boil and sizzle, and erupt to its greatest height in solitude, for the tourists flock to the log seats in front of "The Bears' Salad Bowl," to watch the denizens of the forest enjoy their supper, and—sometimes fight over it, as sounds like distant thunder often apprise the spectators that one or more of the nation's guests is misbehaving. A truck load of garbage cans, accompanied by one ranger on horseback, and another afoot, carrying a rifle, is the prelude of this interesting meal.

It is difficult to realize that the great beasts, eating under electric lights, are wild, and roam at will through over three thousand square miles of park land, but the ranger on horseback who gives a most interesting talk about bears, while they are eating, says they are anything but tame, and have been known to jump right into the watching throng. The Park slogan is "Safety First," consequently a ranger, who is a dead shot, stands on guard with a gun, but he has never yet been obliged to use it.

As the shadows darken, and the meal goes on, the ranger on horseback, who loves and understands bears, tells how they hibernate in the long winter season when the snow is so deep that it covers the tops of the cabins, and the rangers go about on skis, and often catch marauders who rely on the inclement weather to hide their trapping or hunting incursions inside the Park.

Bears weigh only eight or ten ounces when they are born, and remain under the tuition and training of their mothers for two years. The mother teaches them to eat certain roots and herbs that will clear out the alimentary canal before hibernating, and when shrunken from the winter's disuse, she

shows them spring vegetation that will restore its former vigor. She has biblical ideas on "sparing the rod and spoiling the child" and once a cub has felt the weight of her paw in punishment, he does not care to repeat the experience, and is never punished twice for the same offense.

At the Old Faithful feeding grounds, "Scarface," a big grizzly, used to dominate the lunch counter, but he is old, and blind, and feeble now, and young "Caesar," another grizzly, rules. He gave Scarface one good beating to show his supremacy, but, when his authority was acknowledged, made no further attempt to interfere with the de-throned leader so long as he kept out of the way.

In a few years, Caesar will be ousted from his present eminence by some lusty youthful bear, for so passes worldly glory in the animal as in the human world.

An Animal Scrap-book

LESTER BANKS

I HAVE several hobbies and keep a scrap-book on each of them. Being particularly interested in animals, and since the topic is a broad one, I have three scrap-books devoted to that subject.

Not until you try it a while, can you appreciate the pleasure and instruction to be derived from this practice of saving clippings and pictures on your favorite subject. Often we desire to recall something we have read; possibly the recollection is important; and in such cases the scrap-book proves its practical value.

Often I turn to my old scrap-books to relieve the tedium of a dull evening. They rival a diary in their power to entertain their possessor, and they are superior to the diary in their usefulness to your friends. My "thesaurus" on animals never fails to interest anyone to whom I show it.

To every reader of this magazine, I suggest something of the kind on animals. Interesting and instructive information comes from various quarters, principally through magazines and newspapers. In my own scrap-books appear frequently penciled notes—facts that I have learned in conversation.

It is not always convenient to paste a clipping in its proper place; so I have a capacious pasteboard box into which I toss such items, until I have time to classify and "post up."

As I have said, the subject (animals) is a very broad one, and perhaps you will prefer to build a scrap-book on some particular phase; for instance, Humane Treatment for Animals; Animals' Service to Man; Evolution of Animal Intelligence; Strange Creatures, etc., etc.

Or you may like the idea of confining your collection of information to the study of one animal. I have, in addition to my other material, and entirely separate, a vast amount of "dog stuff"—much of it yet to be classified. I have two scrap-books on dogs—one of them pictorial, a repository for unique, particularly interesting pictures. "Dog History" would make a great scrap-book; I have often promised myself that I would some day start such a compilation.

Remember the Mass. S. P. C. A. in your will.

Decoys

KATHERINE VAN DER VEER

*Over low sand hills of old ivory,
Pale emerald valleys of scarce-turfed
grass,
On to the swirling waters of the bay,
Strained neck and beating wing, the wild
ducks pass.
Ominous, boding, in the waving sedge
Are other ducks of strange and silent
breed.
They stir no ripples at the waters edge
With fan-like feet. They neither gleam
nor feed.
Red Death is lurking where those wantons
lie,
Look not below, wild ducks, fly high! fly
high!*

Animal Memory

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

PERHAPS you have often wondered whether lower animals remember the little kind acts shown them by their human friends.

Not many years ago a baby hippopotamus, born in the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., was transferred at nearly two years of age to the St. Louis Zoological Society. The little hippo had been a great favorite with his keepers who always called him "Buster." On the trip to his new home the head keeper accompanied him in a special express car which was attached immediately behind the tender of the locomotive. Naturally, Buster was nervous and distressed for he had never been so near a roaring locomotive before. To keep him quiet and ease his distress the keeper sat at the head of the crate and allowed Buster to suck his fingers. The hippo was so well pleased that the keeper spent the better part of one whole night in this position with his hand in the mouth of the animal.

The new keeper in St. Louis renamed the hippo "Steve" and soon he became a general pet. He adapted himself so well to his new surroundings that apparently he soon forgot his former friend.

Nearly two years later the head keeper at Washington visited the St. Louis Zoological Gardens and of course decided to hunt up his former friend. It was just feeding time as the old keeper came into the hippo house in company with several friends. The young hippo had grown considerably and was eager for his food which was then being placed for him at one end of his large indoor inclosure.

"Hello, Buster!" cried the keeper in his jovial way just as he had done hundreds of times before in Washington. There was an immediate response: the animal turned instantly at the sound of the old name, and after the former keeper went back of the guard rail and the hippo had smelled his hands and received the old-time friendly pats on the great lips he refused, for the time being, to pay any attention to his food or his St. Louis keeper.

It was clearly evident the animal remembered his former friend. Though startled and somewhat puzzled at first, he soon became highly pleased. He could not forget a friend who had been so kind to him two years before.

The Vanishing Prong-horn Antelope

W. S. LONG

THOUGH the fact is not generally known, the prong-horn antelope of the deserts and Great Plains of the United States is now closer to complete extermination than the buffalo ever was. When the white man first came to this country, it was found in uncounted millions, but because of its inconspicuous color, it was not considered as abundant as the buffalo, which was easily seen because of its dark color and gregarious habits. The antelope covered an immense territory, roughly, from the Mississippi river to the Pacific coast and from Canada to Mexico.

The antelope is considered a splendid game animal, because of its swiftness of foot and its wariness. It is probably faster than any other North American animal. This desirability from the standpoint of the hunter has been one of the chief causes of its decimation, until it is now strictly protected everywhere. However, it does not thrive in enclosures, but needs huge areas of thousands of square miles of range, and these are yearly becoming more restricted.

This antelope is in a group by itself, having no near relatives among other forms of antelope. In general appearance it is smaller and slenderer than the ordinary Virginia deer. In color it is a tawny yellow, lighter below and darker above, which blends into the background of sand, cactus and sagebrush which forms its habitat. The face and neck are marked by bands of black, and the rump is covered by long, pure white hairs, which can be moved at will by the animal. When alarmed the animal raises and lowers the hairs of the rump rapidly, which causes them to flash in the sun with a mirror-like effect. In the early days, when the animals were numerous, it was no uncommon thing to see hundreds of these "flashes" relayed from animal to animal and herd to herd, for miles across the plains. It serves as a warning signal to others, as effectively as a rifle-shot. When running from danger the animal is very conspicuous because of these rump patches, but after a short run it will commonly stop and turn about, when it seems to merge into the background as if by magic. This is a trick also possessed by the common jack-rabbit, which hides in grass hardly long enough to cover a mouse.

One peculiar characteristic of the prong-horn is the horns. They are comparatively short, with an abrupt curve backward, and a prong springing from the front. The horn itself is like a cow's horn, merely a shell covering a central core, which contains the blood vessels.

In common with most other desert and mountain animals, their eyesight is extremely keen, and their curiosity over-developed. Before they learned from sad experience with hunters, it was possible to decoy them from great distances by displaying a flag or other strange object. The whole herd would alternately wheel and flee and return in fascination, only to repeat the whole performance, finally coming within reach of the guns of the hunter.

The fawns are born in May, there commonly being two. In the early fall, after the fawns are able to care for themselves,



MILLIONS OF PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE ONCE ROAMED OUR WESTERN PLAINS AND DESERTS

in part at least, the antelope congregate in large loose herds, which may be scattered in smaller bunches over a large area. In this way they spend the winter.

At the present time there are probably more antelope in the deserts of Nevada than any other place, but they are so few that they could easily be wiped out by a sudden catastrophe, such as a virulent disease.

Humane Addresses in Texas

"The Christian Attitude Towards Humane Education" is the title of an address delivered by our field representative, the Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, at the Texas Sunday-school and Baptist Young People's Convention, meeting in Marshall. The progress of humane education among the colored population in that state is shown by the title of the valedictorian's address at the Commencement exercises of the summer session of the I. M. Terrell High school, in Fort Worth,—"The Importance of Humane Education," by Miss Louine Rosslyn Alexander.

It is the province of kings to bring about war, but it is the province of God to end it.

REGINALD POLE
Archbishop of Canterbury

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1932

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 300 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

A Letter

THE following is President Rowley's annual letter to the various humane workers of the American Humane Education Society throughout the United States:

I have long been convinced that there has been a serious failure in the education of the youth of this country, a failure which has been due to a false conception of what real patriotism is, and to an exaggeration of the spirit of nationalism as opposed to that finer and broader spirit of internationalism. I have never had any use for such expressions as "America first, last and all the time," or "My country right or wrong." The day has passed when with the better class of American citizens the assertion that "We must have no entangling alliances" should be taken to mean that we should refuse to co-operate with other nations in seeking the good of all.

No nation can any longer exist in and by and for itself. The words and deeds of any one country in their influence immediately circle the entire globe. This nation of ours is bound up with the life of other nations in a score of ways vital to us and to them. Their prosperity inevitably benefits us, and ours, too, is a blessing to them. So have modern inventions annihilated space and time, so interrelated are the nations now commercially, intellectually, socially, industrially, that when one suffers all suffer, when one prospers all share in its better day.

Nothing is more important in our education than that the past prejudices and racial animosities that have been created and fostered too often by our school textbooks should be eliminated from the training and instruction our youth receive. It is of sovereign importance to the future of humanity that the children of this country and of other countries should be taught that they belong to one great family, and that the spirit of kindness and good will should control them in their relations not only to members of their own nation but in their relations to members of all other nations. Not until this spirit triumphs shall we get rid of the ghastly horror of War.

I am therefore urging you in every possible way in your Humane Education work to emphasize the idea that Humane Education includes not only the fair and just treatment of all animal life but of all

human life as well, and to make it plain that out of the opposite of the spirit that lies back of Humane Education grow the animosities, the prejudices, the racial hatreds, and the jealousies that mean War.

Our Humane Education Society will render no finer service to this country than to instill into the hearts of the hundreds of thousands of youth it reaches each year the spirit of good will and friendship between the nations of the earth. By co-operation, not by national pride and rivalry, shall we win toward a warless world. Any child can see the truth of this. I hold as eternally true the words of Goldwin Smith, carved in stone on the campus of Cornell University—"Above all nations is Humanity." Let this year, above all the years of the past, emphasize this thought.

To give you some idea of the number of people reached by our Humane Workers throughout the United States, there were actually addressed by word of mouth during the first four months of this year, 246,195 men, women and children. During May, June, July and August, months when the schools for a good part of that time were not in session, there were also reached in the same way, 193,983, making a total for the eight months of 440,178. September, October, November and December should show at least three-quarters of a million people—largely youth—actually addressed by our workers upon the subject of Humane Education. This says nothing of the at least a hundred thousand people a month who read *Our Dumb Animals*, and the multitudes who in the various states hear the workers and speakers of our Society over the radio. Now add the tens of thousands of selections of humane literature sent out each month and the service rendered by our three press bureaus, and to say that we come into contact with a million people a month is no exaggeration.

The Chicago Dog Pound

THERE may be a finer one in the United States. There may be one more humanely and efficiently managed. If there is we should be glad to know of it. This attractive brick structure, costing nearly \$60,000, we visited last month in the company of a couple of Chicago women, who, with their associates, won a great victory against what seemed like insurmountable obstacles when they secured its erection. They were the women at the head of the Chicago Humane Education Society, Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, President, and Mrs. Julia M. Baldwin.

The old City Dog Pound was not only a disgrace to Chicago but was under a management that, so far as we have been able to learn, had little regard for the welfare or the humane treatment of the animals that were brought to it. This relatively small group of women by long, persistent, determined effort won from the powers that be in the city, in spite of almost unceasing opposition, the final triumph of their undertaking to secure for the lost, unwanted, stray dogs of that great city a suitable refuge. Every department of this Pound gives evidence of an order and discipline that are all one could desire, and so thoroughly clean and wholesome is the entire place kept that the visitor leaves it with a sense of the deepest satisfaction. It is in charge of Captain P. T. MacCauley of the police force, who supervises with great care and with a genuine fondness for animals every one of its activities from dawn to dark, and is never unaware of what is going on during any one of the twenty-four hours. Most fortunate has it been for the unfortunate creatures brought to the Pound that they have fallen under the supervision and care of Captain MacCauley.

Twenty-seven thousand dogs a year are brought to the Pound. Those that are licensed, or those whose owners have a desire to reclaim them, are kept a sufficient length of time for the reclamation to be made possible. We regret, however, to say that the city authorities against many, many protests of the humane people of the city allow Chicago University and other institutions to take from the Pound for experimentation approximately 7,000 a year of these unwanted dogs. Wherever rabies is suspected every precaution is taken to determine whether the disease is actually present in any animal or not.

We are glad to say that this Chicago Humane Education Society is really, if not the child, at least the recognized associate of our own American Humane Education Society.

If any dependence can be placed upon the newspaper report, the moving picture people at Hollywood are filming a bull-fight. We long ago lost faith in their promises to prevent all cruelty to animals in making pictures. It is evidently money first, last and all the time.

If you could only organize diplomacy properly, you would create a body of men who might influence the destinies of mankind and ensure the peace of the world.

BARON AMPHILL, British Diplomat



THE CHICAGO DOG POUND — A MODEL OF ITS KIND



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. ARTHUR W. HURLBURT, First Vice-Pres.; MRS. WM. J. McDONALD, Second Vice-Pres.; MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treas.; MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Rec. Sec.; MRS. JOHN A. DYKEMAN, Cor. Sec.; MRS. A. P. FISHER, Chair. Work Committee.

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in September

Three defendants, of whom two were joint owners of a horse and the third its driver, were severally charged with permitting the animal to be subjected to unnecessary torture and worked when afflicted with gall sore upon its shoulder. All were convicted and fined \$20 each. The fines of the driver and one owner were suspended for two years. The other owner was given one month to pay fine.

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon a horse by working him without shoes, defendant fined \$25. He appealed, was placed under \$300 bonds, and then withdrew appeal and paid fine.

For failing to provide proper feed and shelter for three horses, offender was fined \$25. For non-payment of fine he was committed to jail.

A defendant was charged with maiming a dog and subjecting him to torture by throwing hot water upon him. He was found guilty and put on probation for one year.

For beating a pair of horses with a pitchfork, inflicting numerous cuts and puncture wounds, an intoxicated offender was found guilty of cruelty and fined \$35. He was committed to jail for non-payment of fine, to serve one hundred days.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	761	Cases	2,415
Dogs	554	Dogs	1,936
Cats	194	Cats	428
Horses	6	Birds	42
Birds	4	Horses	2
Monkeys	3	Rabbits	3
		Mice	2
		Squirrel	1
Operations	876	Monkey	1
Hospital cases since opening Mar.			
1, 1915	105,722		
Dispensary Cases	230,649		
Total	336,371		

MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,763
Cases investigated	618
Animals examined	8,291
Number of prosecutions	6
Number of convictions	6
Horses taken from work	52
Horses humanely put to sleep	52
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,391

Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	38,753
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	20

Fair of Women's Auxiliary of M. S. P. C. A. at Society's building, Thursday, November 10, all day.



BORN AT OUR SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL

The mother of these little puppies, an Irish setter, came from England. She presented to her owner, Mr. John M. Towne, of Holyoke, eleven puppies. Here are six of them. They give promise of a long and, we hope, happy life.

Society Meet at Methuen

THE executive officers and the humane agents of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. from all sections of the State gathered at the Society's Rest Farm at Methuen on October 2 for conference and a general inspection of the extensive developments and additions that have been made there during the past few years.

There are at present thirty-seven horses at the Farm, a record number, living out their latter days in well-earned ease and comfort. Whether in pasture or paddock these veteran workers present a fine picture for the horse lover. They are by no means forgotten, and there are unmistakable evidences that they do not forget.

"Hillside Acre," the Society's burial-place for small animals, was visited by the entire party. Here, in a quiet corner of the Farm, lie some 600 dogs, cats, and other pets of those who have come from near and far to lay away their dead. In this enclosure, guarded by fence and gate, the scores of modest, marble markers impress the observer with the ever-growing necessity of the animal cemetery. It is a corollary of the work done by the humane societies, an evidence of the growth of the spirit of humaneness.

After a luncheon in one of the newly completed farm-buildings, President Francis H. Rowley addressed the gathering. "We are told," he said, "that the horse is coming back, that carloads of horses are coming into New England from the West to be utilized by milk dealers and express companies." He quoted William W. Haswell, the efficient superintendent of the Farm and also an agent of the Society, as announcing that there still is room to care for more at the Rest Farm, if desired, but additional funds are needed to carry on this important work. He stated that while the Society had felt the depression, it was carrying on its many activities with faith that the humanitarian public would not permit the work to decline.

Albert A. Pollard, treasurer of the Society; Harry L. Allen, superintendent of the Angell Animal Hospital in Boston, and Theodore W. Pearson, general manager of the Springfield Branch of the S. P. C. A., also expressed the need of funds to keep pace with the expanding work.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889
For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Address, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Cash Prizes for Photographs

To boys and girls under fifteen, *Our Dumb Animals* offers three cash prizes for the best photographs of animals, taken by them with their own cameras, submitted to this office not later than December 1, 1932.

The first prize is \$10; the second, \$5; and the third, \$3.

Pictures of cats and dogs are not eligible, but all other subjects, domestic and wild animals, birds, insects, etc., are included. Be sure to prepay postage fully and provide for return postage if pictures are to be returned if not accepted.

The object is to encourage the study of animal life with the camera, to quicken the love for many of nature's lowly children and foster the spirit of kindness toward them. Pictures should be addressed, Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

Report of the National Committee on Humane Slaughtering

Sent to the annual meeting of the American Humane Association, San Francisco, Oct. 18-20, 1932

I HAVE, ever since the last report submitted to the Association, kept in frequent correspondence with the representatives of the leading abattoirs of the country. As chairman of the committee, last month I went to Chicago for a conference with the officers of the Institute of American Meat Packers. A visit was made to one of the large abattoirs where experiments had been carried on to render swine unconscious by the electric current before the use of the knife. Three different devices had been constructed in the endeavor to find a way to bring the animals into a position where the current could be applied with the certainty of the least possible suffering. No one, however, standing and watching the attempt to handle the swine could fail to see how difficult the problem is. The hogs are nearly all raised in open spaces, are more or less frightened, restless, and almost wild. They seem bound to go everywhere except where you want them to go. They must enter the stunning enclosure one at a time, or, with one device, three or four at a time. They will not do it except when forced to by several men in the pen.

In the plant I visited, by the method long in use, 4,500 swine a day are killed, and three or four men can do the work of starting them on the trolley which carries them to the man, or men, who thrust the knife into the throat for bleeding them out. Working with the electrical current device it took twelve men to destroy the hogs at the rate of 1,200 a day.

Here, of course, comes in the question of cost. To slow down the number of animals destroyed per day would entail great financial loss and all down the line from the place of bleeding to the refrigerators men would have to be discharged because, instead of having four or five thousand hogs a day to dress, there would be only from twelve to fifteen hundred. And we and the Packers have to face the fact that many of the leading packing companies have been obliged to pass their dividends because of the hard times. And still they tell me they have spent toward \$30,000 already in devising ways to slaughter with the least suffering to the animal.

And what do the Packers say? They insist that they are determined to work the problem out. They say they shall keep at it till they do.

As to using the electric current in stunning cattle, arrangements were made in a well-known abattoir to test out the method with the purpose of its general adoption if it proved satisfactory. All went well till reports began to come from purchasers of the carcasses that blood spots were being found in the meat which hurt the sale of it. The cause of this their experts are trying to find. They believe they are going to find it. Meanwhile in that plant they have had to go back to stunning with the poleax.

I confess I came away from the slaughterhouse and the conference disappointed. I will not say discouraged. American genius will yet find a way to destroy our food animals with a minimum of suffering. I

cannot doubt the sincerity of the gentlemen representing the Packers with whom I had the conference. Neither do I believe that anyone listening to this report or reading it, if they met them face to face, would question their desire to co-operate with us in our efforts to find a humane method of slaughter and their purpose to keep at the problem until it is solved.

Deeply regretting that I cannot present a more favorable report and still determined never to abandon the campaign which must issue in success, I am

On behalf of the Committee—

FRANK B. RUTHERFORD

SYDNEY H. COLEMAN

WILLIAM E. BEVAN

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *Chairman*

The August Report of the Fez Fondouk

The American Fondouk Maintenance Committee is justly proud of this August report. A daily average of 74.4 large animals and 7.9 of small animals gives evidence of the rapid growth of the work. September 1st there were 20 horses, 20 mules, 56 donkeys and 2 bulls, inmates of the Fondouk—98 large animals. Fortunately, though there was not stable room enough, there were shaded places that were used as temporary shelters.

It is to be noted also that 283 visits were made to native fondouks, (not hospitals) 4,701 animals inspected, 1,534 of these given treatment and 62 brought from them to our Fondouk.

We are glad also to state that for the first eight months of the year we are \$112. inside our budget.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT

Daily average large animals	74.4	
Forage for same		\$96.78
Daily average dogs	7.9	
Forage for same		4.87
Put to sleep 26 (15 were purchased)		13.72
Transportation		5.84
Wages, grooms, etc.		55.42
Inspector's Wages		17.12
Supt.'s salary		98.64
Asst.'s salary		39.45
Veterinary's salary and extra visits		15.78
Motor allowance		9.86
Sundries		62.60
		\$420.08

Entries: horses, 18; mules, 23; donkeys, 65.

Exits: horses, 8; mules, 15; donkeys, 52; bulls, 2.

Superintendent's Notes: I have had the two box-stalls changed to accommodate three horses at an expense of 700. francs.

Of forage expense above, Frs. 1000.00, is for barley for the winter and in storeroom.

Fondouks indigenes: 283 visits; 4,701 animals seen; 1,534 of these given treatments, and 62 brought to our Fondouk.

(signed)

CHARLES W. N. BROWN, Superintendent

My child, you will soon be the king of a great realm. Try to preserve peace with your neighbors. I have been too fond of war. Lighten the burdens of your people as soon as you can, and do that which I have had the misfortune not to do myself.

LOUIS XIV.

From Our Field Workers

MISS Lucia F. Gilbert, representing our American Humane Education Society, now in Vermont, speaks in the highest terms of the most cordial welcome and co-operation given her by the superintendents and principals of that state. At present she is in some of the outlying rural districts, and this from a recent letter, it seems to us, we ought to give our readers:

"These dear, earnest, sympathetic children, scattered on remote farms and gathered into small rural schools, do not pile up large numbers, but each child represents a large constituency of tame and wild animals, so I feel every day is precious. In just two weeks the report is 586 miles traveled, 62 schools visited, 74 talks given, 87 Bands of Mercy formed, and the children, besides teachers and others, reached 2,240."

Another worker in Virginia writes:

I wish, and have so many times this week, that you might see the joy of these isolated mountain children when I give them the strip of pansies. I think I have never had any picture that has made more of an appeal. One case of a school principal with a wonderfully sweet smile chose "the Spirit of Motherhood" because he told the children they would all be better for having "so beautiful and religious" a picture to look at every day.

The song books, also, are welcomed as a treasure and I believe each of these groups would be influenced towards greater sympathy if I could place one in each mountain school.

I visited three this morning (and over such mountains!) which literally lacked any kind of adornment and with so few books. I was reckless and gave both posters and the flower pieces, but had but two books to give. Yesterday I showed the pictures (slides) to a group of enthralled children who probably have never seen a movie and certainly never slides before. I talked unusually long as they were so entranced and when I shut off the light, one gawky boy of fourteen asked timidly if I could not show them all again in the afternoon so he could go and get his mother and some little brothers (the five living over the mountain).

One place the road was so steep and rough I could not get the car up and had to park in a cove and walk nearly a mile. I did get a man to carry up the pictures and the literature, but the interest well repaid me, though I am pretty tired from the walk and the three talks added to a fifty-odd mile drive over rough roads.

For those who have no voice to plead their cause:

No urge to smite the hand which strikes them down:

Whose only sin is living, and whose laws Concern alone his master's smile or frown.
For those we speak!

To us they look for help—these weaker ones,
While cruelty still holds its ancient sway
O'er cage and stall, o'er countryside and slums.

Remember them, and do not turn away.
For those we speak!

IRENE BENSON

What Supt. Sutton Says

FROM a past president of the National Education Association, Superintendent of Schools Willis O. Sutton of Atlanta, Ga., comes this splendid endorsement of humane education. It is addressed to a field worker of the American Humane Education Society:

City Hall, Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 20, 1932

Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee,
College Park, Georgia

My dear Mrs. Weathersbee:

It has been a great pleasure to me to know of your fine work for humane education in connection with the Parent-Teacher Association. I have read with interest your bulletin outlining the plan for carrying out the work through the Parent-Teacher Association. It is a great pleasure to me to endorse the idea of your humane scrapbook and poster contest and the work that you will carry on during the "Be Kind to Animals Week."

I believe in the principle of being kind to animals throughout all the year, and I certainly believe that we should do all that we can do to discourage the use of toy pistols, rifles, sling shots, etc. I pledge you my very best effort in helping you with this work in our public schools and in the Scout movement and other organizations where we can be of service to you.

With cordial good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

WILLIS O. SUTTON

Past President National Education Association

New Humane Calendar

The Humane Calendar for 1933 will be issued by the American Humane Education Society as it has been for many years past. It is not too early for Societies wishing their imprint to appear on the calendars to place their orders. Full description of the new calendar, with details as to the picture to be used, will be available very soon. Correspondence is solicited with all interested. The prices will be approximately the same as in recent years. Please address, Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



BIRD REFUGE, LAKE MERRITT PARK, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Unique civic center, a natural body of salt water, changed by the tide, where thousands of coots and wild ducks congregate.

Mrs. May L. Hall

MRS. May L. Hall of Boston, a true and tried worker in the humane educational field for nearly a score of years, passed away suddenly on September 20. She had been a director of the American Humane Education Society and secretary of its Humane Press Bureau for more than a dozen years. She was a woman of gracious and sympathetic personality, early attracted to the humanitarian cause, and admirably fitted both intellectually and temperamentally for the work that she carried on so successfully.



MRS. HALL

With heart and hand Mrs. Hall rendered invaluable service in promoting and extending the humane movement wherever opportunity presented. She scattered the seeds of kindness, justice and mercy and of protection for the weak and lowly, both human and dumb, in numberless places and ways, with rare tact and discretion. To all the constant appeals for help and encouragement that came to her from individuals, schools or humane organizations, she responded with eager generosity. The influence of such a vast amount of humane literature as she caused to be so carefully distributed through the channels of the press was incalculably great. Her kindly deeds and unselfish devotion to human and animal welfare may well be an incentive and inspiration to those who were her co-workers and friends.

Literature for Convention

A large assortment of the publications of the American Humane Education Society, with sample copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, were sent to the national convention of the American Humane Association, at San Francisco, for distribution to the delegates, October 18-20. The exhibit was in charge of Mrs. Alice L. Park, our representative in California.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 17-22, 1933.

"A Dog's Life" in Alaska

ELIZABETH C. FORREST

NOWHERE does the dog more truly lead "a dog's life" than in Alaska, that vast, frozen land where for ages past he has been the chief means of transportation. Up on the Arctic coast the hard life of the Eskimo would be almost impossible without the sled dog. It is the dog who draws him out upon the frozen sea to sit all day beside a blow hole, watching for the seal that means hunger or plenty in the igloo. It is the dog who tows the sealskin "oomiak" loaded with household goods, with wood and coal and meat, along the beach of sea or inlet during the brief summer season. It is the dog who, during the flush hunting season of the spring, is kept perpetually on the icepack trail, hauling tons of blubber, meat, and bone in from the open water to the ice cellars of the village.

What, then, is the faithful animal's wage for this life of toil? He is tethered by means of a chain, a sealskin line, or a heavy stick of wood, to a stake beside his master's igloo, and there, without shelter, often without food, he must remain, forgotten until his services are needed. He has no protection from the piercing winds that, during nine months of the year, blow incessantly across hundreds of unbroken miles of ice and snow. Curled in a ball in the depression melted by his body in the hard-packed snow, his bushy tail over his nose, he lies, week after week, month after month, enduring the ache of the terrible cold. Once a day, a chunk of frozen seal or walrus is flung to him, and he gets stiffly to his feet and bolts it.

Sometimes a blizzard blows for days. Then the Eskimos do not venture from their igloos and the dogs, tightly curled, shivering under the impact of battering snow, go hungry. During these storms, many dogs are severely frozen, especially in the belly and flanks where they are not so well protected by shaggy, matted coats as elsewhere. The deep wounds resulting from these freezes often end in death.

Up on the northern coast we used the large, strong packing boxes in which our annual supplies had been shipped North, to house our sled dogs. It was not easy, however, to persuade them to accept our offerings. Used to life in the open, they had a terror of any sort of enclosure—the wild instinct alert for traps. "I-chew-see-akh," our lead dog, when first coaxed into one of these improvised dog-houses, bolted wildly out with bared fangs. Much patient persuasion was required in order to accustom our team to the shelters provided for them; but our efforts were well-rewarded when, on winter days, the school-house shook under the force of blizzards, we saw, through chinks in our ice-coated windows, our dogs tucked safely away in their snug shelters.

The arctic Eskimos could not, of course, make wooden shelters for their dogs but, on that barren, treeless coast one building material was plentiful—snow. We held a meeting at the government school-house, which was our home, and discussed the dog question. We convinced them that, for economic reasons, if no others, they should provide protection for their sled dogs for, besides saving the lives of many dogs, less

food would be required for the dogs, and they would remain in better condition and give better service. Innovations take hold slowly among this primitive people but eventually we had the satisfaction of seeing the village dotted with little snow



THE TYPICAL MALAMUTE OF THE NORTH COAST OF ALASKA IS A STURDY SHORT-LEGGED, HEAVILY-COATED DOG WITH SHARP, UPSTANDING EARS AND ALERT EXPRESSION

houses in the lee of which curled some two hundred sled dogs, only too glad to creep inside when blizzards howled.

During the summer days the air is heavy with humidity and the never-setting sun circling above the horizon beats down with merciless force upon the poor beasts panting at their stakes, suffering the pangs of thirst. The Eskimo is not often deliberately brutal to his dogs. His is the sort of cruelty of a heedless child. When we had helped them to fashion watering-pans from the ubiquitous coal oil tin, they carried the dark tundra water to their thirsty dogs with childlike pleasure.

Mosquitoes, on those days that no breeze blows from the Arctic ocean, swarm in from the tundra to the village, surrounding the dogs in a tormenting cloud. But down in the interior of Alaska they are at their worst. There I have seen dogs lie whimpering pitifully, a black rim around each eye, muzzles crusted with the blood-suckers, the dogs too completely exhausted from shaking their heads and pawing at their faces, to make another effort to drive their tormentors away. The bloody circles about the eyes, the raw muzzles, that one sees in walking through a native village in summer are a nauseating sight, and the continual scream and whine of sled dogs make the days and nights hideous.

We staked our own dogs out along the

river bank, well away from the lush grass from which mosquitoes rise in swarms. There a breeze, drawing down river, carried the insects away and they could dig protective burrows in the bank. On sultry days, smudge pots were kept burning near the dogs, and the acrid smoke rising from smoldering "smart weed" made an effective smoke screen. Many natives along the Yukon and the Kuskokwim add to their incomes by summering "white" men's dog-teams—mail teams, freighting dogs, and those kept purely for pleasure. Our dogs went to the man whom we could trust, not only to keep them watered and well-fed on mulligan of salmon heads, but who would protect them from the incessant torment of mosquitoes.

Alaska being the ruthless land it is, a great deal of the suffering of its dogs is unavoidable; but much, by measures such as those suggested, may be done to relieve their misery.

The example of the American people must be a special example. The example of America must be an example, not of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a man being so right that he does not need to convince others by force that he is right.

WOODROW WILSON

Peace is proclaimed. That is well; that is much; but it still remains necessary to organize it. In the solution of difficulties right and not might must prevail. That is to be the work of tomorrow.

ARISTIDE BRIAND

English Sparrows

RENA M. MANNING

Others say you no, wee ones;
Others raise the cry,
"Dirty, noisy, little pests!"
Would that they should die!"

Did they ever visualize
All the winter through
Without, "Cheer! Cheer! Cheer-up!"—
Just what they should do?

Winter mornings when I wake
To a desert-snow,
All the other birds have fled;
But one song I know

Rings the same as summer days—
Brave and bright and clear—
Though the winds are knives of ice:
"Cheer-up! Cheer! Cheer!"

Comforting it is to me
Stepping from my door
To behold your wings that through
Barren branches soar.

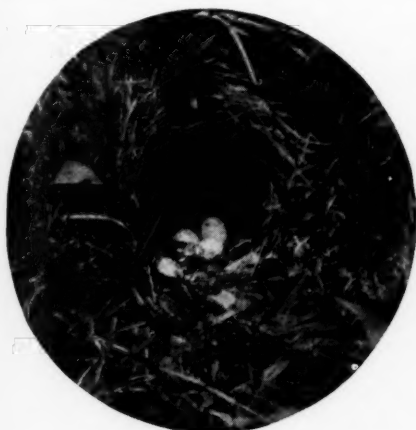
Blossoming along my eaves—
Fluffy flowers of brown!
Had the world your courage, it
Should forget to frown!

Life of memories' summer hours
Is your gift to me;
And I with crumbs pretend to thank
Such a rosary!

Homes in the Forest

TAYLOR DEVOE

A BIRD'S nest has as distinct an individuality as the bird that makes it. In all the woods and the meadow-land there are no two nests identically alike, and their variety of form and structure is endlessly entertaining to the wanderer in summer



NEST AND EGGS OF MEADOWLARK

woods. If his terrain be sombre and little-frequented forests, he may look for the hulking homes of hawks and crows in the high tree-tops, but even in sparse little woods devoid of heavy timber and close to human haunts there is no lack of nesting birds in June. There are the homes of thrushes to be found even in the smallest copse, and a bird as rarely lovely as the scarlet tanager not infrequently nests near man. The forest in June, whether it be such a wilderness as in the West or only one of those suburban little woods that abound in New Jersey, has everywhere its population of nesting birds.

There are few nests as appealing as the home of the meadowlark. We find it not only in broad fields of clover-blossoms, but also in little grassy clearings in the woods. And always the first indication of its presence is misleading, for the female meadowlark is an oddly wily little bird. She does not, in the manner of less skillful birds, fly up from her nest at a hint of danger. Quietly she scuttles from her home and weaves a hasty zig-zag track through the tall grass. Then, when one is perhaps ten or twenty feet from the brown-speckled eggs, she flies into the air with sharp cries of alarm. It is an ingenious deception, and has given many a weary hour of searching to hopeful little boys. The nest so cautiously guarded is of meadow-grasses and tiny twigs, and rests on its side like a Dutch oven. Even when its location is certain, it is difficult to find, for the curious shape makes the eggs invisible from above. Five is a usual complement of eggs, and these are of a lovely china white, patterned at the large end with little specks and streaks of dark brown. Rare is the farmer who will not turn aside his plough to keep the little nest intact and reward the valiant ingenuity of the mother meadowlark.

It is after the wanderer leaves the meadows and the clearings and enters the for-

est proper that he first sees the silent and elusive shadow that is the cuckoo. Usually in low-lying land, where the last autumn's leaves are black and sodden under foot, the cuckoo seeks the brambly tangle in which to build its home. The drab olive-backed female, crouched low upon the nest in a twisted mass of thorns and creepers, is visible only to the most acute observer, and the male as he flits among the dark tangled undergrowth is as silent and mysterious as the forest itself. It is a singular nest the cuckoos build; a crude and crazy platform of twigs and larger sticks, so thin and carelessly patched that one may look at it from below and see the sky above. On this precarious platform are deposited the two white eggs, spotless and faintly suffused with pink. Another bird, such as the cheery and ubiquitous robin, lays sometimes three eggs, sometimes four and sometimes five. The cuckoo lays two; the number is unvarying. And, by some singular benevolence of nature, the eggs remain in their flat and rickety nest through the wildest storms, and the cuckoo babies even in earliest infancy seldom fall to the ground. It must be a sombre unamusing infancy



FLIMSY HOME OF YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO

they have, perched hazardingly on their platform of rough sticks in the silent seclusion of the deep woods. The sun seldom filters through the thick leaves to shine upon them, and all about upon the ground are the unruffled leaves of last autumn rotting into mould and exhaling a damp and earthy smell.

One thinks of plovers as creatures of the uplands and the downs, but one of them at least—the killdeer—sometimes nests in rocky barren woods. Where the tall trees thin away and give place to scrub oak and pine, there, in sandy and pebbled stretches, can often be found the killdeer home. It is a singular affair in that it is no nest at all; the eggs, which are usually three, are laid upon the earth itself, with only a scraping together of little stones as apology for a home. They are very splendid eggs indeed, large and richly mottled and sharp-pointed like pears. Always they lie in triangular formation, the points toward the center, and this alone keeps them from

rolling away and becoming lost. The killdeer shrieks and screams distractedly when its eggs are approached, and in view of this evident solicitude it seems odd that the bird takes no more trouble to conceal them. In farm country the eggs are frequently laid in ploughed fields, and in such cases the killdeer generally places the nest exactly in the center of a furrow. It is a curious and pathetic stupidity. Likewise, when the eggs are laid in sandy forests of scrub growth, they are placed invariably in the fullest view of mice and squirrels and prowling men.

The diversity of location and structure of these forest homes is endless. There is the gentle speckle-breasted oven-bird, with her nest like a cup that lies on its side. It is covered with leaves and so artfully concealed upon the ground that only by treading upon it is it likely man can discover its whereabouts. There is the microscopic nest of the ruby-throated hummingbird, a tiny cup of gray lichen fastened high on a limb of some great tree and appearing from the ground to be only a nodule on the bark. The exquisitely fashioned cup-shaped nest of the vireo is suspended always from a forked twig, and the crested flycatcher hangs a snake-skin on his nest to frighten possible intruders. For days the flycatcher may fly through the forest but always, with magical efficiency, it finds the cast-off skin and carries it to its home in the hole of a tree.

Where the great lichen-covered boulders are, look for the home of the phoebe. In rural districts the phoebe nests under bridges, but in the forest it is apt to fasten the structure to the shadowy under-side of overhanging boulders. The phoebe, though of tiny sparrow size, is a furious defender of its nest and will not hesitate to attack even man with angry pecks and beating wings, exhibiting a savagery unexcelled by the big red-shouldered hawk that lives high above him in the tree-tops.

Where the forest is darkest and most silent the wood pewee flits among the shadowy green and wails his endless mourning



THE KILDEERS' BARE NEST

note. His lichen nest is generally high in the trees and difficult to find. And, where the forest is wilder and deeper still, and

where the trees are so tall that man cannot see their topmost branches from the ground, there are the nests of the hawks and crows. They are great affairs of coarse sticks and small branches, and no soft grasses line them for the comfort of the fledglings. They are as rough and wild as the birds that build them; their interiors are littered with bones and small skeletons, remnants of the unfortunate white-footed mice and other little forest creatures that have been caught in unwary moments. It is not wise to molest such nests, for an angry hawk in a high tree-top is an exceptionally discomfiting adversary.

Almost symbolic of the forest's deepest interior are the owls, the great-horned ones with Mephistophelian ear-tufts and eyes like yellow moons, that soar on silent wings through the black night or sit motionless on dead limbs high above the ground and watch ceaselessly for hapless little furry night-travelers. In dead trees, too, they find the holes—hollowed out years before by woodpeckers or animals—in which they make their nests and hatch their round white eggs. The nest of an owl is usually foul-smelling and disordered, and all around the base of the tree containing it are the tiny bones and bits of fur that bear testimony to the owl's dinners. There are customarily two eggs, dead white and spherical.

Forest homes—from the tiny lichen-cup of the hummingbird to the bulky bundle of sticks in which the red-tailed hawk rears its young each season—there are no two alike. To observe them is more than a pastime. It is a study in architecture, in camouflage, in the characters and habits of the birds that make them. It is a singularly fascinating study.

What Are They Reading?

WELL do I remember the precaution that was taken in my childhood home. My parents, being Christians, were of course anxious that their daughters should be good and have right principles instilled into them. Many were the books in the bookcase and lying around, but they had to be good ones. If any other kind of books happened to get into our home, through borrowing or otherwise, my father was sure to detect their presence, look them over and see that we did not read them.

We were taught early in life the importance of reading the Word of God. Religious papers, those for young people and those for the older ones, were among our regular friends. Of the valuable instruction received in our home, some, at least, never left me and no doubt has guided my steps many times into the right path.

Oh, that parents and those having young people and children in their care would diligently watch over their reading! So much is gained by reading; one's mind is developed and often the whole course in life changed. I have so much appreciated the training I received that I would like to sound a note of warning to all who have the opportunity of doing anything to help the coming generation who will soon have to face the world. Let all do their best by placing good literature in the hands of the young people or by giving them good instruction.

EMMA WALLS in *Pillar of Fire*



TRUST

When the camera was turned on this lovable pet he had no fear, for his master smiled and spoke kindly.

Famous Prisoner Fed by Cat

A PRETTY story of a cat is connected with Sir Henry Wyat of Arlington Castle, Kent, a Lancastrian in politics, imprisoned in the Tower during the Wars of the Roses. The story runs as follows:

"He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this his and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and by making much of her won her love. And after this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon." He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But!' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough' said the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter'; and being urged again, promised him and kept his promise, and dressed for him from time to time, such pigeons as his accator, the cat, provided for him. Sir Henry Wyat in his prosperity for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him."

RALPH NEVILL in "Romantic London"

We have just received from the Susquehanna County Humane Society, Montrose, Pennsylvania, an order for 120 subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, to be sent to schools.

Dogs were friends of man in very remote time. Their bones have been found side by side with those of primitive men, apparently showing this to be a fact.

School subscriptions to "Our Dumb Animals" are only five cents per month.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and seventy-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in September. Of these, 50 were in Maine, 38 in Vermont, 32 in New Hampshire, 24 in Virginia, 16 in Pennsylvania, four in Texas, three in Delaware, two each in Georgia and Michigan, and one each in Alabama, New York, Oklahoma and Tennessee.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 189,814.

From a teacher in Beals, Maine:

Last year a lady came to our school and we formed a Band of Mercy, which we carried on all the year. My pupils are now asking to have another Band. They hope the lady will come again to show them the pictures.

When Cats Were Scarce

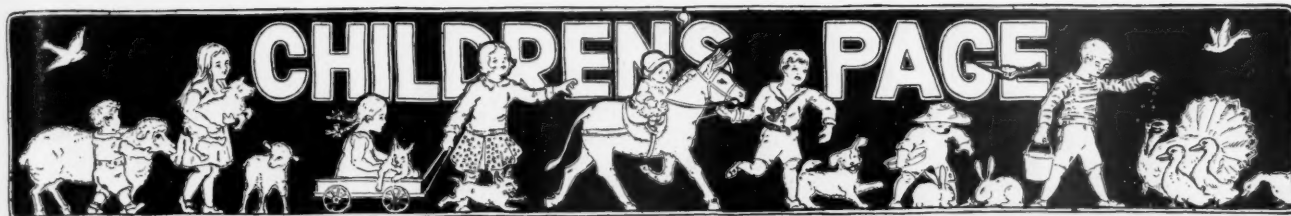
FRANK H. CROSS

There was a time in San Francisco, California, less than fifty years ago when cats were worth from \$50 to \$100 apiece, according to a story unearthed by Lee Shippey. It seems that in 1884, Daniel Levy, a professor from Alsace, came to California during the gold rush and later published a book entitled "Les Francais en Californie." In it he related the story of Peter Biggs, a colored barber of Los Angeles, who had heard that there was a scarcity of cats in San Francisco. The resourceful Biggs accordingly began collecting cats, and when he had a goodly number proceeded to San Francisco with his stock and sold them for from \$50 to \$100 per cat. San Francisco was at that time infested with rats.

Squirrels and the Nut Crop

At least one proof can be cited of the squirrel's usefulness. Many are unaware that squirrels save the wild nut crops, but observations and a study of the problem show this to be a fact. During years of abundant wild nut crops squirrels make but very little showing in the amount of the crops, and the parasites that bore into such nuts as the hazel and hickory are propagated in great numbers. During years when such nuts are scarce squirrels get practically all of them and they devour the nuts before the parasites that prey on them have advanced far enough for propagation to be possible. This insures a good clean crop of nuts for the year that follows. The squirrel does have some faults but this quality in him should entitle him to protection.

WILLIS MAHANNA



The Ouzel

ESTHER E. REEKS

*A queer little bird is the ouzel
That dwells by the mountain streams;
He will wake you at night with his singing,
Which blends with your pleasant dreams.*

*He sings when the days are dreary
And the raindrops about to fall;
He sings when the clouds are lowering
And hang like a darkened pall.*

*His nest is built of mosses,
In a crevice of some great rock,
With a dashing stream below it—
And he cares not for storm or shock.*

*And there he raises his children,
A happy and fearless brood;
And he dives in the swiftest waters
To bring from the bottom their food.*

*Oh, a queer little bird is the ouzel
That dwells by the mountain rills;
His dress is gray like a Quaker's,
But his ways are as gay as the hills.*

Kindness is Natural

CARLETON A. SCHEINERT

"It's only a California sparrow!" And so the man dismissed from his mind the injured and helpless bird lying at his feet.

"But it's alive, and it's hurt! I'm going to take care of it," said little Roy Armour, Pasadena school-boy. "And I'll take it to school in the morning, for teacher will help me to make it well and strong again." The bird raised its head and seemed to look straight into the eyes of the eight-year-old boy.

A few minutes before Roy had been called by a neighbor to come to see the bird which was crouching forlornly upon her porch in the gathering darkness. It made no resistance, no attempt to get away, when the child's hands reached about it. Examination showed an injured leg, one eye perhaps gone, jabbed out by a barb on a palm tree, no doubt, as the bird hopped about the spreading leaves in the twilight.

The protective feeling in the boy's breast grew strong as he heard the man's words: "Better put it out of its misery!"

"No! I'm going to take care of it and make it well again!"

So a small box was found, its bottom padded, and the bird nestled there until morning came, when "teacher" could be consulted. A drink was given to the bird, while a tender hand smoothed its feathers.

Just a little incident. But one which impresses concretely the fact that kindness to animals and birds is natural. If cruelty comes—it is learned!

"Only a California sparrow!" Yes. But unconsciously it had a part toward the making of a kind and humane man!



A TEXAS GIRL ENJOYS FEEDING TIME
WITH HER LONG-EARED PET

A Bird Popularity Contest

MADGE MOORE

Down in Athens, Ga., William Russell, a twelve-year-old boy bird-lover, has been conducting a twenty-week popularity poll. The mockingbird won by a majority of six votes. In his 1930 poll the blue bird won.

Two thousand and twelve votes were cast, giving the winner 359, and its nearest competitor 353. The brown thrasher lost fifth place to the robin only several days before the poll ended.

Georgia went for the mockingbird. South Carolina polled about fifteen of her twenty-seven votes for the blue bird. Texas polled only one for the mockingbird. Ohio cast two for the blue bird. New York gave one for the robin and one for the blue bird. There was a large scattering vote.

Here are the leaders:

Bird	
Mockingbird	359
Blue bird	353
Cardinal	305
Canary	254
Robin	128
Brown Thrasher	125
Blue Jay	74
Bob White	68

At Runnymede

The Ex-Governor Fuller Estate at Rye, N. H.
ALICE M. GREENE

Through the green fields of Runnymede we
strolled that blithe June day;
By brookside, where clear waters lead the
silver trout to play;
Acre on acre, waving green of meadow-
bloom—a happy scene.
And here the Horse in majesty, in regal
realm held forth;
How fortunate, indeed were they, and proud,
as though their worth
They knew. Those limpid eyes held naught
of horror's pained surprise.
No awful burden, cruel toil, a shameful toll
to take
In surging throngs 'mid wild turmoil; a
sorry wreck to make
Where tender, quivering flesh and blood at
best knows little hardship.
O, fine the motor car may be; and arrow-
swift and light;
A thing of man-made mystery, to prove his
genius' might;
But though times change, there still beat
true
Some hearts, O noble horse, for you!

A Dose of His Own Medicine

BESSIE F. BELL

There is a tiny village tucked in a rich mining district in Idaho's hills, where live a number of friendly, kind-hearted people who have very definite ideas about kindness to animals. And, what's more, they are willing to back their ideas up with action on occasion.

Among the villagers lived a teamster whose chief occupation seemed to be beating his heavily-loaded horses. And the good people of this little town finally decided that stern measures were necessary to protect the horses from such cruel and unjust treatment.

And so, one day, a number of the irate citizens seized the teamster, the while they unharnessed the horses, and fastened their brutal owner in their place. As forcefully as ever he had applied that stinging lash to his helpless horses, so did those thoroughly angered villagers now apply it to him.

It was a painful lesson to the driver, but he learned it well. And as long as he worked under the watchful eye of his fellow townsmen he was never known to beat his horses.

Humane Education furnishes the foundation for developing the highest product of civilization—the good citizen.

Knowledge of Animals

L. E. EUBANKS

I FIND it highly gratifying to see the growing popularity of animals as a subject for writing and conversation. As I read a great deal, and as I make my living by writing, I have been in a favorable position to observe this rapid increase of animals' popularity.

There is scarcely a periodical, if it uses any general articles, that will not consider well-written, interesting discussions of animals. I have sold hundreds of such, to many different magazines. And the significant point is that it is easier to do now than it was ten years ago.

I observe that in conversation the subject of animals can be relied upon to attract and hold people's interest when many other topics fail. Age and sex seem to make little or no difference; practically everyone is glad to learn anything new about animals.

Not long ago I heard an instructive talk by a man who has hunted and explored in several foreign lands, and it pleased me to see how interested the listeners were. Hunting itself was not stressed; and that was well, for our interest lay in the odd facts he gave about animal life and habits.

Such information has really become a part of education now; and, speaking generally, it is so easily secured through reading that ignorance can hardly be excused. To young people, particularly, I recommend this line of reading. You will get interested immediately, your knowledge will grow rapidly, and you will have something always ready to talk about when conversation seems to lag.

Supplement your reading with all the observation of animal life that is available to you. Perhaps you can use a camera, and thereby enjoy outings while you are gathering information. Naturally, you will become a defender of animals, a helper in the cause of justice for the helpless; and the self-satisfaction from that enlistment will, in itself, be a fine reward for your study.

Preparation for war is a constant stimulus to suspicion and ill-will.

President JAMES MONROE

There is nothing as dreadful as a great victory—except a great defeat.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

War means fightin', and fightin' means killin'.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST
American General

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Salamanca

KADRA MAYSI

Salamanca, yet allied
To Spanish pomp and Roman pride,
It matters not to me what means
Fray Luis or the Capucines,
Nor when cathedral spires grew
From your dark stones to stab the blue,
By chapels jeweled for your God,
The little, patient burros plod
With weary step, each cruel load
Enforced by cry and blow and goad.
You know the brush of masters dead:
Murillo's blue, Ribera's red.
Velasquez and el Greco traced
Your halls where duke and pontiff paced.
You saw the armored Templars kneel;
You keep the creed of Old Castile;
But, would you know if there should pass
Your gates the Christ who rode an ass?

Hospitality Day and Fair

THE annual Fair and Hospitality Day of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will be held from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. at the Hospital building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Thursday, November 10. All departments of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, for the benefit of which the Fair is held, will be open to visitors throughout the day.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, and an able committee have long been working for the success of this event. Luncheon and afternoon tea will be served under the direction of Mrs. Wm. J. McDonald; bridge and whist will be available from 2 to 4 P. M., in charge of Mrs. Grace Arnold; and Mrs. J. J. Farnsworth will tell fortunes. There will be an "orange grab."

The sales tables will be attended by the following prominent members: Allston, Mrs. Arnold; Newton, (food), Miss Dorothy Gray; Melrose, (aprons), Mrs. Marion W. Herbert; Taunton, Mrs. Howard Woodward; Brookline, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley; Watertown, Arlington and Somerville, Mrs. E. K. Bennett and Mrs. A. W. Hurlburt; Methuen, Mrs. W. W. Haswell; White Elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; Boston, Mrs. McDonald. Gifts of merchandise and cash are solicited and should be addressed to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's	\$0.75		

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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